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1876

LEISURE MUSINGS;
WITH
PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR
OF
R. H. HODGSON, ESQ.

YORKSHIRE

182 E/w

G. McAuliffe

YORKSHIRE

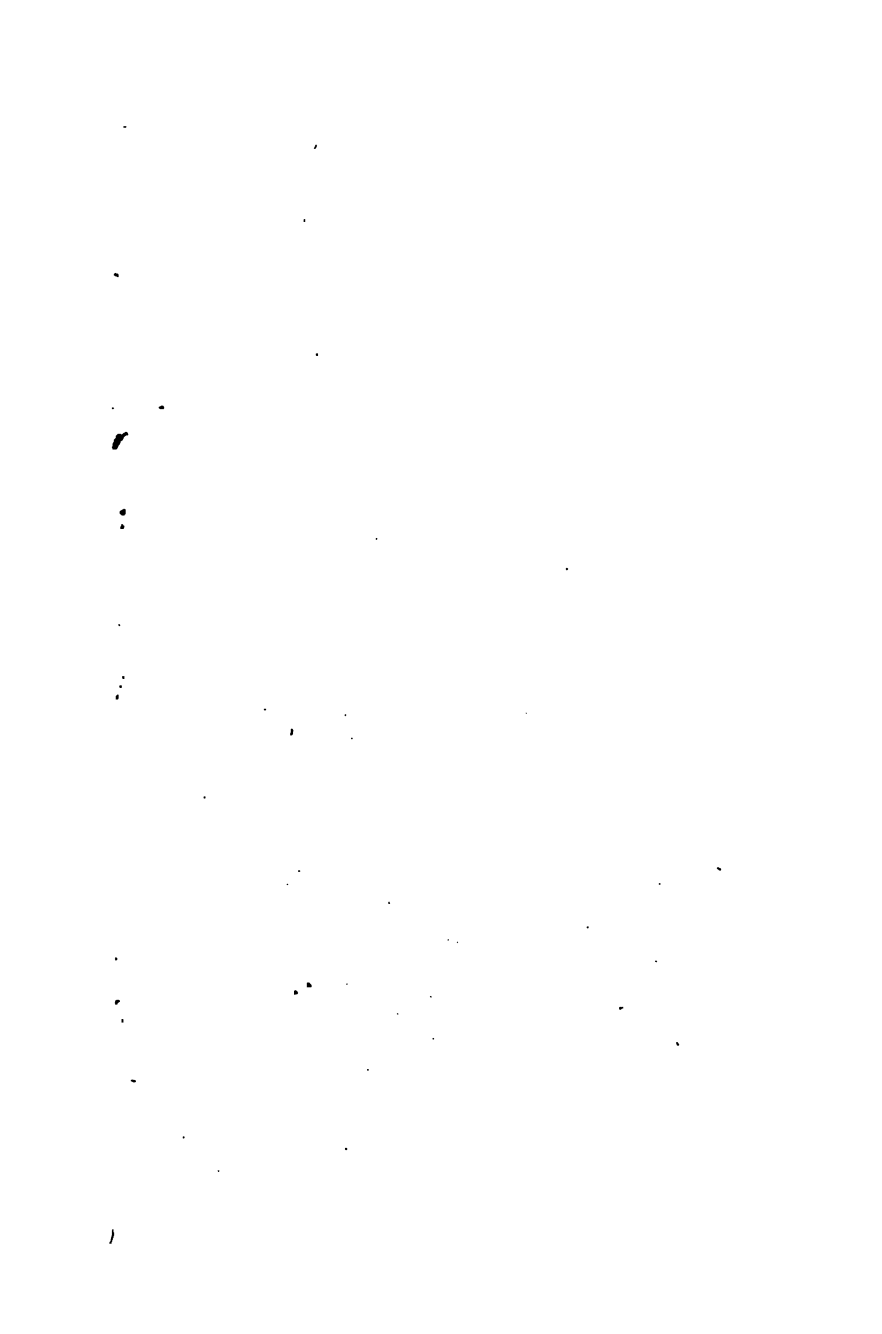
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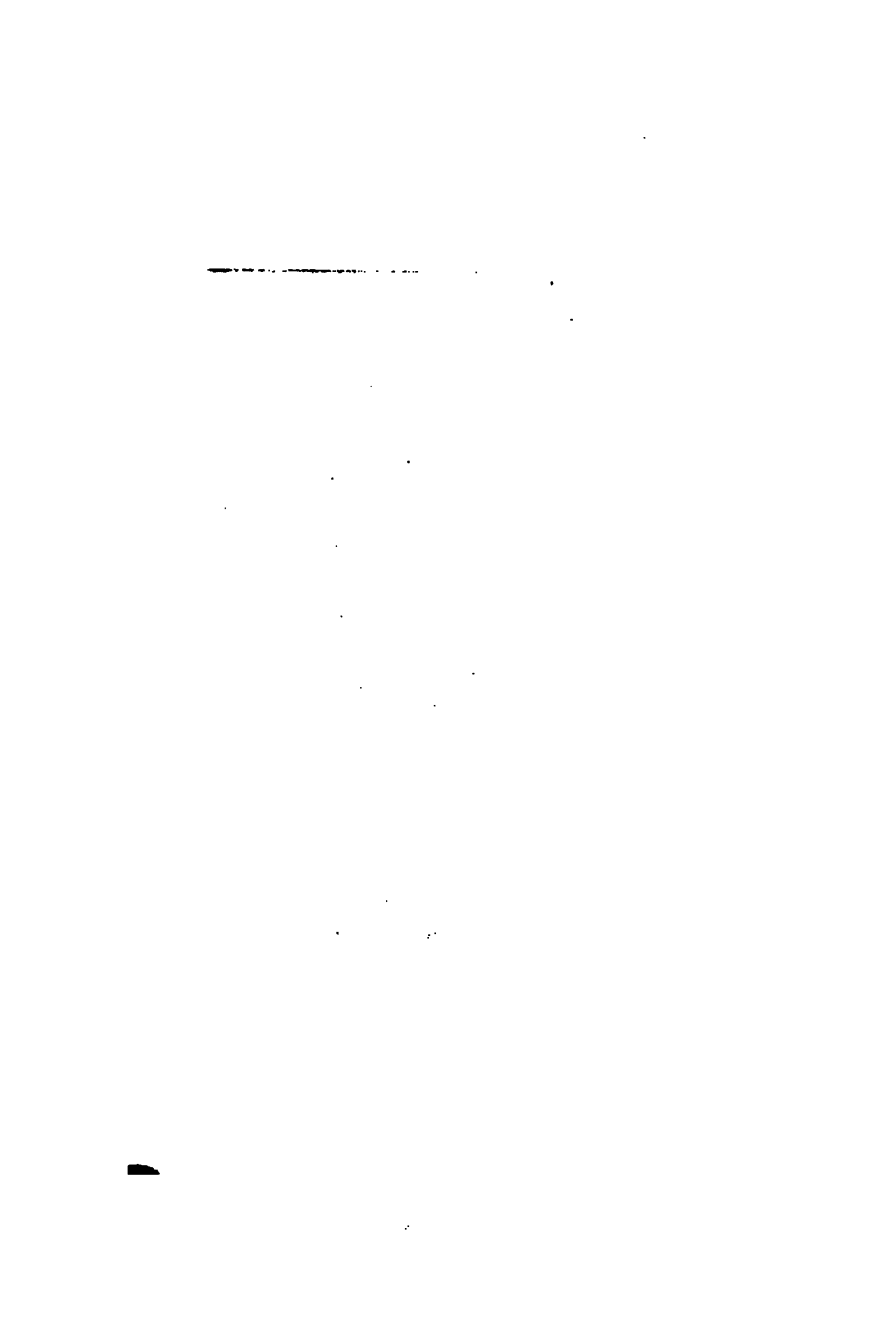
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G. McCallie

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LEISURE MUSINGS;
CONSISTING OF
Original Poems
ON
PLEASANT SUBJECTS.
WITH
Appendix and Beautiful Illustrations.

By Silas Cryer,
AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON CHARACTER;" "THE CHRISTIAN'S
WARFARE;" "THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE;" &c.

Reigley:
PRINTED AT THE "HERALD" OFFICE, 18, BOW ST.
1876.

Introduction.

I THESE Poems would introduce
To the candid Reader's use,
Who, I trust, will scan them o'er,
And feel better than before.

"Leisure Musings" such as these
Surely must the reader please;
Since amusement all will find,
With simplicity combin'd.

But to boast some authors' skill,
Scarcely is the writer's will;
They were but for pleasure penn'd,
Or a leisure hour to spend.

So I wish this book success,
May its humble mission bless,
And a glad companion be,
Full of innocence and glee.

Like good seed sown in the ground,
May its precious fruit abound;
Or, like bread on water cast,
Thus survive each hostile blast.

Though some may this effort spurn,
Nor its usefulness discern,
If the Lord my labours bless,
I will insure this book success.

So, dear reader, as your friend,
I to you these Poems commend;
May they yield you pure delight—
And for this I try to write.

Though my poor attempts at rhyme
Cannot stretch to aught sublime,
I a lowly place would fill,
And remain what I am still.

THE AUTHOR.

LEISURE MUSINGS.

TO A SKYLARK.

*Written during a pleasant walk on the footpath from Bingley
to Keighley.*

HAPPY Skylark soaring
In the heav'ns so free ;
Gladly God adoring,
Blest with liberty.
Thine is surely pleasure
Which no cares annoy ;
Sporting at thy leisure,
Nought can mar thy joy.

Pretty little creature,
We might envy thee ;
Gladdening now all nature
With thy melody :
Cheerfully while mounting
On thy merry wing ;
Yet no grief recounting,
Thou dost welcome Spring.

Thou art never weary
In thy lofty flight ;
And thy course ne'er dreary,
Till quite out of sight :
By thy music teaching
All may happy be ;
This brief sermon preaching—
" Come, rejoice with me !"

Thus thy notes so thrilling,
Cheer the burden'd heart ;
Grief's emotions stilling,
Peace and joy impart ;

So may we while steering
 Through this world of ill,
 Leave some footprints cheering,
 Tending heavenward still.

Thou art e'er contented
 With thy chosen lot,
 As 'tis ne'er lamented,
 So thou pinest not:
 May we, from thee learning
 To be blithe and gay,
 God's kind care discerning,
 Trust in Him to-day.

Thou art never thinking
 Of thy future lot;
 From no sorrows shrinking,
 So they harm thee not;
 May we, from all sorrow,
 Like thee, rise above;
 Leave the coming morrow
 To a God of love.

Yea, like thee, submitting
 To our Maker's will,
 Trust Him unremitting,
 For His favour still:
 Like thee, never grumble,
 But, to God resign'd,
 Bear our lot, though humble,
 With a thankful mind.

From Him ev'ry blessing
 Comes, but undeserv'd;
 Things, to us distressing,
 In His love reserved;
 Who, in mercy caring
 For e'en birds which fly,
 Still our wants He's bearing
 'Neath His watchful eye!







A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE LATE

R. H. Hodgson, Esq., Solicitor, Highbury.

The following Memoir and Poem are published as a tribute of sincere esteem for a fellow-townsmen, whom the writer of these 'Musings' has known for more than 20 years.

THE subject of this Memoir being so generally known and respected, the author and publisher of this book considered it a very opportune and proper medium for giving permanent publicity to the sincere expressions of sympathy and regret which pervade the large circle of Mr. Hodgson's acquaintances; at the same it was felt to be a matter of duty and justice to the departed that it should thus appear, as a monument to the memory of so worthy and excellent a citizen as Mr. Hodgson; hence, by kind permission, this Memoir is presented to an indulgent public, in the earnest and humble hope that it may be productive of much good. But, as the reader is probably already familiar with the trying circumstances of our esteemed friend's sickness and death, we refrain from making any other than a slight allusion to them, seeing that more would be entirely superfluous, and beg most respectfully to submit the following authentic sketch for your careful perusal:—

MR. R. H. HODGSON was the second son of Mr. Thomas Hodgson, of Bingley, who died only a few months ago at an advanced age. He was born January

26th, 1825, and was consequently in his fifty-second year. He was educated at the Bingley Grammar School, then under the mastership of the Rev. Dr. Hartley, assisted by the Rev. Wm., afterwards Dr. Cartman. Richard was an apt scholar, fond of books, and scarcely less so of play: so that he was a favourite both in school and in the playground; and it would have been difficult to determine whether master or school-fellows loved him the more. Whatever may be thought of Wordsworth's aphorism that "the boy is father to the man," it is certain that Mr. Hodgson displayed the same qualities as a school boy, which afterwards distinguished him as a man: an impertable temper, a willingness to oblige, and a good humour absolutely inexhaustible. Ever ready to assist his less clever school-fellows in their difficulties, he rarely lacked opportunities of showing his conciliatory disposition. When his school career was ended, having exhibited a proclivity for the legal profession, he was "articled" to Mr. W. Wells, solicitor, Bradford, by whom he was esteemed a painstaking and trustworthy pupil. When entered on the rolls as a practicing solicitor, he became managing clerk to Messrs. Parker and Wells, solicitors, Selby. This post he held three years. He subsequently set up in business on his own account at Myrtle Place, in his native town of Bingley. On the formation of the Petty Sessional Division of Keighley in 1853 he was appointed Magistrates' Clerk, an office which he held up to the time of his lamented decease, and the onerous duties of which he discharged with honour to himself, satisfaction to the magistrates, and advantage to the town. About the same time he received this appointment, he entered into partnership with Mr. Richard Metcalfe, an old-established and highly-respectable solicitor of Keighley. After a few years Mr. Hodgson bought Mr. Metcalfe's interest in the business, and the style was changed from "Metcalfe and Hodgson" to "R. H. Hodgson." In 1859, Mr. Hodgson married Mary Harrold, second daughter of Mr. James Windram, of Leicester, by whom he leaves issue—one son, Harrold Henry, born 1861—mother and son both surviving to mourn their irreparable loss.

Mr. Hodgson was a Churchman and a Conservative.

For five or six years he officiated as Churchwarden, and for a still longer period has acted as Registration Agent in the Conservative interest. He has also been for some years a useful member of the Board of Health, and at the time of his decease was Chairman of the Finance Committee. He took a lively interest in the establishment of the philanthropic institutions of the town, more particularly the Baths and Wash-houses, Infirmary, and the Agricultural Society.

The secret of Mr. Hodgson's great popularity lay in his personal characteristics. It was not that he occupied a distinguished position; though that of the Magistrates' Clerk was, perhaps, as high as any in his profession that he could aspire to in a comparatively small country town. Nor was it that he possessed commanding talents; though his abilities, both natural and acquired, were far from inconsiderable. But it was that he exhibited an assemblage of qualities, divested of their usually accompanying counterpoises, and less calculated to challenge our admiration than to win our affections. That he should be moral without aceticism, religious without bigotry, a party politician without party bitterness, a patriot with sympathies truly cosmopolitan, a lover of social enjoyments without degenerating into an epicure, a devoted husband yet free from uxoriousness, a fond father yet innocent of paternal weakness, accommodating yet preserving a manly independence;—these are the qualities which build up a character altogether unique; and they all seem to concentrate in our deceased townsman. They appealed to the universal heart, and they won it. They attracted friends from all classes and all parties; and they provoked no enemies. Everybody loved Mr. Hodgson. And hence it is that his decease has created a void felt in the general social body. It is less that a respectable family has lost its head, a profession an ornament, a party its unflagging supporter, than that society itself has lost a benefactor. And when to all this are added its painful associations—that he should have gone out to seek recreation and found death, far away from home—the terrible accident—the lone country inn—the defective accommodation—the unsympathising surroundings—the long, lingering altern-

ations of hope and fear, we are not left at a loss to account for that outburst of genuine sympathy which culminated in the mournful ceremonial of Wednesday, May 10th. The funeral, which was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, took place at the Bingley Cemetery. There were present a respectable deputation of the Royal Yorkshire Lodge of Free Masons, with which deceased had been long and honourably connected; and a large number of the members of the Conservative Association, of which he had been for many years the legal agent. In the procession also were a number of policemen, and on each side of the hearse walked three police-officers. After the hearse came the two mourning coaches, containing the widow, son, and three brothers of the deceased. Then followed the private carriages, which were fourteen in number. These were occupied by Messrs. S. Summerscales and George Smith (Lowfield); Captain Brown, Messrs. W. Laycock, W. L. Marriner, and G. Hardcastle (Bingley); the Revs. W. Malam and R. Stansfield; Messrs. E. Townend (Cullingworth), John Craven (Steeeton Hall), Joseph Craven, John Brigg, and E. Chaffers; Drs. Dobie, Dixon, and Roberts; Messrs. Tom Craven, J. J. Waterworth, W. Naylor, S. Cooke, B. S. Brigg, Edwin Holmes, H. Wright, W. Clough, N. A. Aldersley, Jonathan Whitley, Fred Lund, W. Haggas, J. Haggas, Superintendent Ireland; Messrs. W. Dearden, Jabez Robinson, and George Dixon, Churchwardens; S. Weatherhead (Bingley), W. Midgley, Swire Smith, and George Spencer. There were also the carriages of Captain Stansfield and E. D. A. Marriner. A large number of friends were also conveyed to Bingley by special train. At the Bingley Cemetery gates the mourners re-united. The pall was borne by Mr. Hardcastle (Bingley), Captain Brown, Mr. William Laycock, Mr. W. L. Marriner, Mr. S. Summerscales, and Mr. George Smith (Lowfield House). It was followed more closely by the wife, son, and relatives, the servants, and three clerks of Mr. Hodgson. Upon the coffin had been placed two beautiful wreaths of flowers, one in the shape of a cross. When the ceremony in the chapel was concluded, the coffin was carried forward to the grave and lowered. Here the scene was very touching.

The low but firm and clear voice of the officiating minister, the Rev. Mr. Malam, as he read the beautiful burial service of the Church, and the grief of the mourners made a visible impression upon a great many of those present. The coffin was made of polished oak, and bore the following simple inscription:—

RICHARD HUDDLESTON HODGSON,

Born 26th January, 1825; Died 7th May, 1876.

How truly can it be said of Mr. Hodgson, "The memory of the just is blessed.

At the Keighley County and Police Courts several eulogiums of respect, in terms of highest praise, were given by Mr. Daniel, Q.C., Mr. Terry, Mr. Craven, Mr. Cooke, and Mr. Hutchinson, all of whom expressed their deep and heart-felt regret and sympathy at the loss of Mr. Hodgson.

On Sunday morning, May 14th, there was an unusually large attendance at the Parish Church. The Rev. W. Malam, the rector, in the course of his sermon referred to the lamented death of Mr. R. H. Hodgson. His discourse was founded upon the 40th chapter of Isaiah, 6th and 8th verses. The rev. gentleman said we all acknowledge the two truths here set before us, viz., the frailty of man and the everlasting duration of the word of God—but while we acknowledge, we forget them practically. By a voice then from heaven the prophetic herald is commanded to impress them upon our consciences. That messenger who cried has been long since gathered to his fathers. But the divine voice has never been silenced. It speaks to us now when expectations are disappointed—earthly happiness is destroyed, and the feeble tenure of life is proved; and it tells us to contemplate the records of mercy which shall remain in their integrity amid all convulsions of heaven and earth. A subject like this, at no time unseasonable, should come home to us when we are assembled in God's house, after having so recently consigned to his last resting-place him who was so highly-esteemed, and so well known to you all. When the news of the sad accident arrived, who of us was not startled? And who of us day by day

did not anxiously await tidings that might hold out some hope, however faint, of recovery—and who of us was not grieved and shocked when the fatal event ensued! For myself, I cannot speak of his removal without deep emotion. He was the first person I was introduced to in Keighley by your late reverend rector, and when I came a stranger among strangers, he offered me large-hearted, generous, and extended hospitality in consequence of the impossibility of my obtaining suitable accommodation during the rebuilding of the rectory. I sincerely deplore his loss, and lament that the place which once knew him shall know him no more. As churchwarden, I ever found him a calm, sound, and judicious adviser, and one who endeavoured to advance the interests of the Church. I deeply sympathise with his afflicted family, and pray that they may acquiesce in the spirit of the petition said at the grave side. “Almighty God, . . . we give thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world.” The rector, then after enlarging upon and illustrating the words of the text, derived two practical lessons from the whole subject. 1. Learn that we are mortal, perishable creatures, surrounded by a vain shew. Shrink not from the remembrance of mortality under the fear that it will darken life and cloud the enjoyment of its pleasure. The remembrance of death is only painful when it is strange. Let it be familiar—let it be viewed through the atmosphere of glory which the work of the Saviour throws around it, and it will be painful no longer. 2. Learn according to the word of God that mortality is coupled with immortality. In the light which is thus shed upon man, the very sufferings of his decay, and the pangs of his dissolution become the entrance and gateway of eternal life. We can bless God that we are mortal—that we are not always to exist in this dying condition—that we have hope in our death, and glory everlasting beyond the grave—that “all flesh is grass” and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field, the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand for ever.”

“Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ;
for the end of that man is peace.”

He sleeps in Jesus, and is blest ;
How calm his slumbers there !
From suff'ring, toil, and pain releas'd,
And free from ev'ry care !

May we in Jesus triumph so,
When this short life is past ;
And, dying, find our latest foe
O'ercome through Him at last !





An Memoriam.

A MONODICAL ACROSTIC

On the Death of R. B. Hodgson, Esq.,
Solicitor, Keighley,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, ON SUNDAY, MAY 7TH,
AT ARMATHWAITE, CARLISLE,

AND WAS INTERRED AT THE CEMETERY, BINGLEY, MAY 10TH, 1876.

*Written after reading the preceding Memoir in the
"Keighley Herald," May 13th.*

Resting now from toil and strife,
— n a world of tranquil life,
O an we, then, his loss repine?
I opefully our friend resign;
> nd, although with grief distress'd,
eally feel 'tis for the best,
O eath has call'd him to his rest.

I e has gone! life's duties cease!
C nalloy'd, he sleeps in peace;
O ear e'en now, we all confess—
O eeds, not words, our love express:
O ng we shall him recollect,
m'er regard him with respect;
O ince he was so frank and kind,
— ruthful, courteously inclin'd;
O h, what sorrow rends each heart,
Z ow, as from our friend we part!

I c has gone ! life's business o'er,
 O n Heaven's happy halcyon shore ;
 O ear departed friends there meet,
 O ladly our lov'd friend they greet ;
 O weetly here beneath the clay,
 O nly their remains now lay,
 Z o more suffer night or day.

m 'en though prematurely dead,
 O o "they're bless'd," our Saviour said ;
 O uietly rests the aching head !
 C ndisturb'd by rankling pain,
 — n eternal joy they reign ;
 W uthless death no more they fear,
 m ver wip'd away grief's tear.

O o we need not mourn our loss,
 O nly let us bear this cross ;
 R et us meekly be resign'd,
 — n His dealings God is kind ;
 O louds of mystery veil His love,
 — n His works below—above ;
 — his sad dispensation bear,
 O nly trust our Father's care,
 W ead His love and wisdom there.

X eeping, then, life's end in view,
 m 'er our duty let's pursue ;
 — n life's struggles bear our lot,
 O o, submit, and murmur not ;
 I ere we have a sacred trust,
 R ike him, let's be true and just ;
 m mulate the wise and good,
 < ield to things not understood !



CONSOLATION.

TO A FRIEND IN BEREAVEMENT.

Written in April, 1875.

DEAR friend, ne'er despair,
 Though dark fogs in the air,
 The long and dreary day
 Will sooner pass away!

Let this day of keen pain
 Ne'er distract you again,
 Tho' by death we're distress'd,
 It comes all for the best!

Dearest friends go before,
 To Heaven's halcyon shore,
 Where the weary are blest
 With sweet undisturb'd rest.

It is right that we grieve,
 As tears trouble relieve;
 But remember beside—
 That our SAVIOUR hath DIED!

Though we go to the tomb,
 Jesus lightens its gloom,
 And He'll see us safe past
 Ev'ry troublesome blast.

Oh, believe, trust, and pray;
 That will chase grief away;
 And you sooner will find
 GOD is gracious and kind.

Therefore try and think not
 Your's a desolate lot;
 There are others who know
 Keener troubles than you.

Oh, believe this, dear friend—
 Let your saddest grief end—
 Tho' not yet understood,
 It will work for your good!

THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.

How cheering the words which our Saviour once said,
To His poor sad disciples, by sorrow dismay'd—
That they need not of their future weal be afraid—
“I go to prepare you a place;”
So that is assurance for me.

He told them of mansions immutably fair,
And assur'd them a home He would go to prepare,
That again He would come, and He'd take them safe
there,
“That they also may be where He is;”
And that is sufficient for me.

To show them more plainly He did not deceive,
But rather that they every word might believe.
He wish'd them with joy His own words to receive;—
He'd have told them if it had not been so!
And that is assurance for me.

They know nought of trouble, temptation, or pain,
They fear not such evils will tease them again;
So I know that to me death will ever be gain,
For there is a mansion—I see,
And that is sufficient for me.

I know in that region the weary find rest,
No more by earth's labour and turmoil oppress'd;
'Tis the home of the ransom'd, the home of the blest,
My home, and your home it may be,
And that is assurance for me.

Toil on! struggle on! Christian soldiers awhile,
Let these cheering prospects our conflicts beguile;
Our Saviour will greet us with His gracious smile,
And then say, “Good servants, well done!”
So that is sufficient for me.



SABBATH MORNING.

Now the week is ended,
 With its toil and strife ;
 Sabbath comes, intended
 Thus to sweeten life ;
 Sol in brightness peeping
 O'er the world serene,
 Wakes all nature sleeping,
 Gladdening ev'ry scene.

Man, awake from sleeping,
 Nor a sluggard be ;
 Talents, in thy keeping,
 With thy time, may flee !
 'Tis a pleasant season,
 Fraught with joy sublime ;
 Man, endow'd with reason,
 Should improve his time.

All is peace and gladness,
 All the world at rest ;
 There's no room for sadness,
 Pleasure to molest ;
 Day of pure enjoyment,
 We, from care releas'd,
 Call'd from all employment,
 Find our joy increas'd.

Hark, the church-bells ringing
 With a merry chime,
 Gladsome music bringing,
 Hail this hallow'd time ;
 Families gladly gather,
 Innocent and gay ;
 So we thank our Father
 For a resting day.

To the chapels wending,
 Cheerful crowds appear ;
 Or the church attending,
 God's blest truth to hear :
 Sunday is a token
 Of our Father's love ;
 Of it He has spoken—
 Type of that above !

Tranquil moments flying
 Heedlessly away ;
 We should e'er be trying
 To spend well this day ;
 Since this precious blessing,
 If wantonly spurn'd,
 Grief for which confessing,
 Ne'er can be return'd.

Keep us, Lord, from sinning
 In word, deed, and thought ;
 May we, now beginning,
 Serve Thee as we ought !
 Other days may weary,
 'Tis the best of seven ;
 Free from trials dreary,
 We prepare for Heaven.

This world teems with beauty.
 But, in Heaven remains,
 When we've done our duty,
 Rest from earthly pains :
 There, no griefs corroding
 Mar their Sabbath-day ;
 No future foreboding—
 Tears are wip'd away !



SABBATH EVENING.

SUNDAY now is closing,
 And the day is past ;
 Time for us reposing
 Hastens on at last ;
 Spent each precious blessing,
 Sacred duties o'er,
 Thankful hearts possessing,
 We God's grace implore.

Sol in splendour shining
 O'er the earth so blest,
 Soon will be reclining
 To the distant west ;

Worldly cares intruding
 On our sacred joys,
 From pure rest eluding,
 Oft our peace annoys.

Has it made us better?
 More resolv'd and meek?
 Broken labour's fetter
 For the coming week?
 Sabbath hours diminish'd,
 Night draws on apace;
 For the sun has finish'd
 Its accustom'd race.

By God's word enlighten'd,
 When with care oppress'd;
 Gloomy features brighten'd,
 As we heard of rest;
 Thus our hearts reviving,
 By prevailing prayer,
 'Gainst temptation striving,
 Antidote for care.

From Thine house returning,
 Lord, our praise we pay;
 Sunday's value learning,
 We fain wish its stay;
 So this blest day closing,
 We regret its end;
 Still on Thee reposing,
 As our constant Friend.

But a better Sunday
 Is reserv'd above,
 Where there is no Monday—
 Endless rest—all love!
 There, no sun is setting
 On its radiant shore;
 And no sad regretting
 That the day is o'er!

In the coming duties
 Of another week,
 We Thy help imploring,
 Would protection seek;

Watch us while we're sleeping,
 Bless us when we wake ;
 Near Thee if we're keeping,
 Thou wilt not forsake.

Gracious, loving Father,
 Take us 'neath Thy care ;
 Should keen trials gather,
 For all such prepare ;
 May each Sabbath flying,
 Find us better still ;
 That we may, when dying,
 Reach fair Zion's hill.

LINE S

ON SEEING A WALLFLOWER IN BLOOM EARLY
 IN APRIL.

MODEST flower, I gaze on thee,
 Emblem of real purity ;
 Thou hast come to deck the earth,
 Blooming in thy lowly birth !

Pretty flower, since winter fled,
 Thou dost lift thy feeble head ;
 Spring again renews thy life,
 With all temp'ral mercies rife.

Others peeping by thy side,
 Soon will greet thee in their pride ;
 Welcome, little flower, so fair,
 Beautiful beyond compare !

How thy form is neatly plann'd !
 Work of God's omniscient hand ;
 How each petal, pure and bright,
 Opens at the dawn of light !

Man may boast of works of art,
 But his efforts thou wouldst thwart ;
 Since the life he couldst not give,
 Baffled how to make thee live.

Disappointed, he can see
 All attempts would futile be ;
 So with thanks God's works adore,
 And admire them e'en the more.

Man, endow'd with finite skill,
 Cannot imitate thee still ;
 Taught by art in rich design,
 Ne'er can paint such hues as thine.

Keen bleak winter's blasts are gone,
 Summer's pleasant days come on ;
 How thy perfume scents the air,
 Lovely flower, so sweet and fair !

This world without such as thee,
 Would not half so charming be ;
 God has in his wisdom plann'd
 That ye should adorn the land.

So may we this lesson learn—
 Ne'er a humble lot to spurn ;
 But content, like thee to live,
 And some useful influence give.



THE RAILWAY ENGINE.

THIS is a theme I've often thought
 Would be appropriate for rhyme,
 As with deep int'rest it is fraught,
 Though it is not the most sublime.

A curious subject it may seem,
 Unmusical, uncouth, and dry ;
 But it may prove a pleasant theme,
 On which poetic wit to try.

The Railway Engine is, I ween,
 A very welcome boon to man ;
 Such times of progress scarce were seen,
 Before this grand project began.

No poet has sung kind Billy's praise,
 His worth ne'er tun'd the mystic lyre ;
 But he deserves my feeble lays,
 His noble looks my verse inspire.

I've watch'd him swiftly trip along,
 As if with dauntless pride imbu'd;
 And, as I wonder'd he's so strong,
 The following thoughts would oft intrude.

How Puffing Billy glides away!
 In his majestic strength he flies!
 His rattling, pond'rous wheels ne'er stay,
 Unless the signal-posts apprise.

I marvel that he does not smash
 More of the metals as he runs,
 When o'er them rapidly he'll dash,
 With trucks containing num'rous tons.

O'er ravines, bridges, crags, and rocks,
 Where tunnels mark his rugged way,
 Billy, whose courage nothing shocks,
 Rarely is blam'd for long delay.

If told there's danger in the road—
 A brother waiting to proceed;
 Or stores of luggage to unload,
 He'll cautiously reduce his speed.

Billy oft whistles loud and shrill,
 Before he'll move his wheels one jot;
 Lest there is danger, he'll stand still,
 Vigilant and cautious, on the spot.

The drivers find a genial friend,
 No stupid temper Billy shows;
 While they his daily wants attend,
 He needs no whip or cruel blows.

He finds his track to ev'ry place,
 As if by cunning instinct led;
 Nor will he swerve once in his race,
 If he is duly watch'd and fed.

No burden seems for him too great,
 Gigantic loads along he drags;
 Nor for assistance need he wait,
 His dauntless courage never flags.

'Mid woods and hills, through bogs and fields,
 Billy will force his devious way;
 In haste he runs—his strength ne'er yields,
 When all is right he'll seldom stay.

Though sad disasters mar his worth,
 And shroud in gloom his stainless name,
 A blessing still to man on earth,
 We really cannot Billy blame.

A privilege we now enjoy,
 Which our ancestors might have priz'd ;
 No more will slow old nags annoy,
 For nags and coaches are despis'd.

Except where modern tramways be,
 Few horses drag the coach along,
 Nor should we feel surprised see
 Billy at work amongst the throng.

As railways are the best project
 Invented by the human brain,
 This grand facility respect—
 The rapid steady railway train.

What vast improvements see at last
 In railway carriages are made !
 For ease and comfort unsurpass'd,
 To travel none need be afraid.

The Pullman's Cars, superb and good,
 All deck'd and furnish'd like some hall,
 Afford rest, shelter, sleep, and food,
 For rich or poor, for great and small.

By swift excursion we may ride
 To quarters quite unknown before ;
 Or we can onward gently glide,
 And nature's beauties thus explore.

Regardless of the distant place,
 Where his appointed journey lies,
 No weather stops him in his race,
 Nor rain, nor wind—he it defies !

In winter Billy dreads no cold,
 Although expos'd to ev'ry blast ;
 For duty's sake he still is bold,
 Unflinching e'en when snow falls fast.

In Summer he regards no heat,
 Nor wearies with his irksome toil ;
 His daily strolls he'll still repeat,
 For nought his sturdy zeal can foil.

Billy poor horses supersedes,
 For they have borne toil's yoke with pain;
 He comes to help them in their needs,
 More able burdens to sustain.

He comes for them to interpose—
 The offspring of man's art and skill;
 Freedom o'er distant climes he throws,
 God's gracious purpose to fulfil.

Now foreign nations, once unknown,
 Are link'd by mutual interests here,
 Which, like a garland having grown,
 Encircle us from sphere to sphere.

Our noble Prince, who has enjoy'd
 A trip to India's famous land,
 Would find his royal wish destroy'd,
 If railways there had not been plann'd.

Not half the scenes he witness'd there,
 Could e'er have met and pleas'd his sight,
 Nor life he'd seen nor customs rare,
 If Billy was not quick in flight.

To trade and commerce Billy gives
 A great incentive to success;
 And thus by him our nation lives,
 Nor can we e'er his worth express.

So progress is not now confin'd
 To creatures such as can't complain;
 Labour no more like slaves will bind,
 Or give the dumb excessive pain.

No tedious journey is their doom,
 Which often proved their hapless lot;
 Compell'd afar to leave their home—
 Such wretched fate they suffer not.

Though he's a stranger still to some,
 Who in sequester'd hamlets live,
 Ere long the happy time may come,
 When he his visits there may give.

For Billy undertakes with ease
 To travel where a route may be,
 As nought his comfort e'er can tease,
 Or make the longest journey dree.

A sweet release!—a type, we hope,
Of more auspicious days in store;
When mercy shall claim boundless scope,
And harsh oppression grieve no more!

Hail, then, this harbinger of peace,
Prosperity, and national weal!
Oh, may his triumphs still increase,
Till all the world his influence feel.

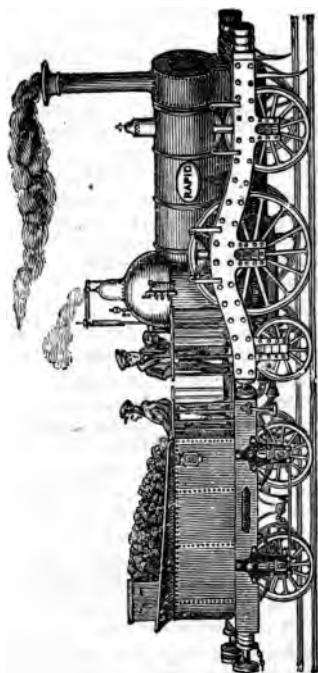
ACROSTICS ON BINGLEY.

BINGLEY! home of my friends and kindred dear;
I oft admire its charms with love sincere!
New Institution, Schools, and Chapels neat,
Grand, stately buildings, deck each clean new street;
Large Mills, with chimneys tow'ring to the sky;
Each scene, with its Church steeple reaching high,
Yields joy when peaceful Sabbath draweth nigh.

Bingley! though not my humble place of birth,
I know not one I love better on earth;
Nature in summer clothes its fields with flowers,
Gurgling streams and spa grace its pleasant bowers;
Let others boast of affluence, if they will,
E'en then its loveliness exceeds them still,
Yea, since its charms my soul with rapture fill!

Bingley! a rural and sequester'd spot,
In all my walks a prettier I've seen not;
No other town can with its charms compare,
Green fields, fine gardens blooming by the Aire;
Large woods abound, where birds their songs unite;
Enchanting prospects our best praise invite,
Yet, skilful bards can ne'er its beauties write.

Bingley! beyond my genius 'tis to tell
In it what grandeur and attractions dwell;
New Park, where jovial parties may repair,
Gladly to sport and breathe the balmy air:
Look round its country wheresoe'er we will,
Emblems we see of God's omniscient skill;
Yea, so I'll prize its rustic beauty still!



LINES

ON SEEING A SPARROW IN A CHURCH DURING
DIVINE SERVICE.*Written during a short sojourn at Wakefield.*

SPARROW, on thy restless wing,
 Why do'st thou refuse to sing?
 'Tis, alas! a sad pity,
 Thou hast lost thy liberty.

Now within the church confin'd,
 Well might thou feel disinclin'd;
 Wounded feelings tell, I see,
 Thou do'st prize thy liberty.

Little pris'ner, I can't tell
 How thou camest here to dwell;
 And I wonder thou dar'st flee
 From thy home of liberty.

So, in some uncertain track,
 Canst not find a safe way back;
 Here thou sought refuge, likely,
 But forgot thy liberty.

Pretty bird, 'tis cold without,
 Thou art warmer here, no doubt;
 But thou canst not merry be,
 Sorely robb'd of liberty.

Fluttering about in grief,
 Thy heart pants for kind relief;
 And it would be joy to me,
 To impart sweet liberty.

Perhaps thy mates will miss thee now,
 This thou know'st, poor bird, I trow;
 Lonely visitant, I see,
 Thou do'st beg for liberty.

Here a shelter still, I ween,
 Thou hast found from Winter keen;
 But content thou canst not be,
 Thus depriv'd of liberty.

Wait awhile, thou humble bird,
 Soon thy chirrup will be heard;
 For, ere long, thou shalt go free,
 And enjoy thy liberty.

Pretty bird, tis nearly noon,
 The church-doors will open soon;
 Then thy passage will be free;
 Go, obtain thy liberty.

Thou wilt gladly go, no doubt,
 And unfetter'd, frisk about,
 When thy cheerful song will be—
 'Oh, how sweet is liberty !'

Thou wilt seek with haste thy nest,
 Where thou canst in safety rest ;
 Praise thy Maker then with glee,
 For the gift of liberty.

So, the Christian, captive here,
 Pants for his blest, native sphere ;
 Like thee, oft he longs to see
 Heaven's calm realms of liberty.

Where, no more to earth confin'd,
 Adverse foes can never bind ;
 Since, from sin and sorrow free,
 All enjoy real liberty.

Life's keen pains and struggles o'er,
 Chain'd to earth by these no more;
 This alone their lot must be—
 Pure, unblemish'd liberty !

Slavery is there unknown,
 Perfect bliss the ransom'd crown ;
 Life unmarr'd by death's decree ;
 Blest abode of liberty !

Nought can tease each tranquil breast,
 Ne'er by thoughts of death oppress'd ;
 Happy all who rest in thee,
 Home of perfect liberty !

Sparrow, like thee, I would fly
 To yon regions in the sky ;
 But, with patience wait, like thee,
 For my rest and liberty !

Still, I cast my longing eyes,
And, by faith, to Heav'n I rise
But, I'd gladly soar; like thee,
Blest with welcome liberty.

Thus, thou hast a lesson taught,
With divine instruction fraught
So, I'll try to learn from thee—
The true worth of liberty !

ACROSTICS ON THE SEASONS.

Welcome, Spring Time !

W ELCOME season ! Time still fleeting
E 'er incites an earnest greeting ;
L ong we watch while Springtide lingers,
C areless Time moves its slow fingers ;
O h, anon the sun shines brighter,
M onths pass on—the days grow lighter ;
E 'en the murky sky is whiter.

W inter storms are disappearing,
E v'rything looks fresh and cheering ;
L o ! a gladsome time is nearing !
C lad with verdure—nature waketh,
O nce more from deep torpor shaketh ;
M usic fills our woodland bowers,
E arth will soon look gay with flowers !

S weetly warblers now are singing ;
P retty heralds !—good news bringing !
R ich reserves of future blessing,
I n our Father's care possessing,
N ever, then, should our faith falter ;
G ood and wise, He does not alter !

T hus with thanks God's gifts receiving,
I n His special care believing,
M ay we trust as children ever,
E 'en His goodness faileth never !

Welcome, Summer Time!

W e hail the coming of this glorious time,
 E ver with feelings of supreme delight;
 L ong has this theme inspir'd the poet's rhyme,
 C onferring pleasure on his gladden'd sight!
 O n ev'ry landscape see what prospects grand
 M ost liberally are strewn o'er ev'ry land,
 E 'er telling of God's gracious wise command.

W here'er we look, whate'er fresh scenes we spy,
 E xamine Nature's wide and vast expanse,
 L o some attractions meet the wandering eye,
 C omfort and real enjoyment to enhance!
 O n every tree, hedgerow, or hill, we find
 M anifold tokens that our Father's kind;
 E e'n though poor sceptics to this truth seem blind.

S ee! soaring in the blue and cloudless sky,
 U ntil quite lost, the fearless skylarks fly!
 M ight we not learn a lesson, if we will?
 M ight we not too God's purposes fulfil?
 E 'en let us try to do our little best,
 R emembering Christ declares all such are blest.

T hen let us never carelessly forget,
 I n multitudes our mercies us beset;
 M ay gratitude and praise our lives employ,
 E 'er for the gifts and blessings we enjoy!

Welcome, Autumn Time!

W e bid farewell to bright and charming summer,
 E 'en though dull Autumn comes so soon apace;
 L et us not scorn the approach of this fresh comer,
 C ool, dark, bleak Autumn is right in its place!
 O ft we o'er each departing season mourn,
 M ostly forgetting they will soon return,
 E 'en to our shame—nor grumbling wisely spurn.

W e know not scarcely what is for our good,
 E 'en though our blessings come in kind disguise ;
 L ots of our mercies are misunderstood,
 C ounted as worthless what we should most prize !
 O h, base ingratitude ! 'tis thus some slight
 M uch of God's goodness, though it is not right ;
 E 'en some despise what should yield true delight,

A las ! we pity such as do not find
 U nfoldng beauties e'en in Nature still ;
 T here's something pleasing to a thankful mind—
 U nited Nature does our Father's will !
 M ay we, assisted by His promis'd grace,
 N e'er shrink from duty in a humble place.

T his is the time for reaping—let's rejoice ;
 I n gratitude our empty garner fill !
 M an ought, above all other creatures' choice,
 E ngage to bless and praise his Maker still.

Welcöme, Winter Time !

W INTER, with its foggy weather,
 E nters on its course again !
 L ook, the snow falls like a feather,
 C ov'ring hill, valley, and plain ;
 O h, how red the sun appearing !
 M urky scenes and landscapes cheering,
 E 'en a pleasant aspect wearing !

W inter comes ! the robin's voice
 E ven makes hard hearts rejoice ;
 L o ! the sparrows too are seen,
 C hirping—cheering all, I ween !
 O h, how grateful should we be,
 M ake the best of all we see,
 E 'en though bare each shrub and tree.

W elcome, then, this cold bleak season,
 I ts most proper place assign'd,
 N one, endow'd with human reason,
 T o its beauties should be blind!
 E 'en 'twill fertilize dry ground;
 R iches in its train abound!

T hese are tokens of God's kindness,
 I n His works so plainly see!
 M an, then, should not in his blindness,
 E 'er presume as wise to be.



THE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.—AN ACROSTIC.

Written for "The Bingley Messenger."

T his monthly guest we welcome to our door,
 H ow glad we feel to read its pages o'er!
 E ver of truth it brings a precious store.

B e it our joy with pleasant smile to greet
 I n kindness those good friends who walk the street,
 N e'er thwarted by discouragement they meet;
 G ladly we hail the missive which they bear,
 L et deeds our true respect for them declare;
 E ver in works of Christian faith and zeal,
 Y earning they seek our best eternal weal.

M any, alas! we fear this message spurn,
 E 'en month by month its truths refuse to learn;
 S abbaths are spent in base neglect and sin,
 S o they will not a better life begin:
 E 'en multitudes the public-house frequent,
 N or seem to care for time and money spent!
 G o, then, ye servants of our blessed Lord,
 E 'er faithfully declare His precious word;
 R ich at the last shall be your great reward.



THE CONTRAST;
OR,
THE HAPPY HOME AND THE HOVEL OF
MISERY.

A TRUE SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. xx. 1. See also Prov. xxiv. 30, 31; Jer. v. 11.

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? they that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."—Prov. xxii. 30, 31.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."—Prov. xxxi. 26-28.

SEE ILLUSTRATION.

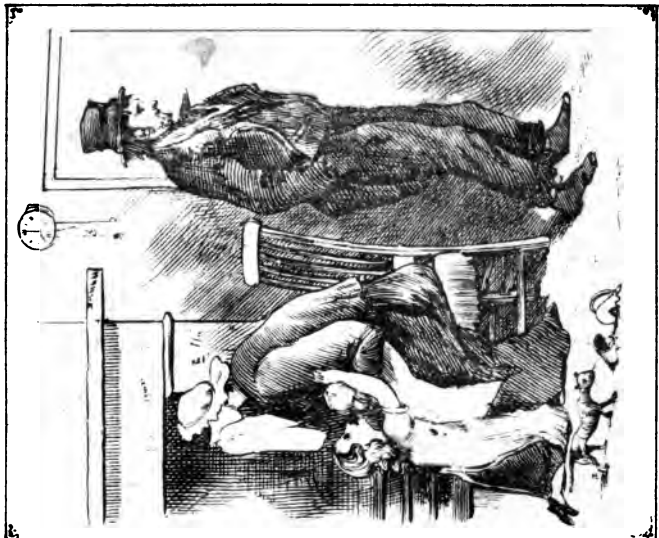
THERE'S a working man in town,
Who for tippling is well known;
Once a better man than he,
Surely we did seldom see.

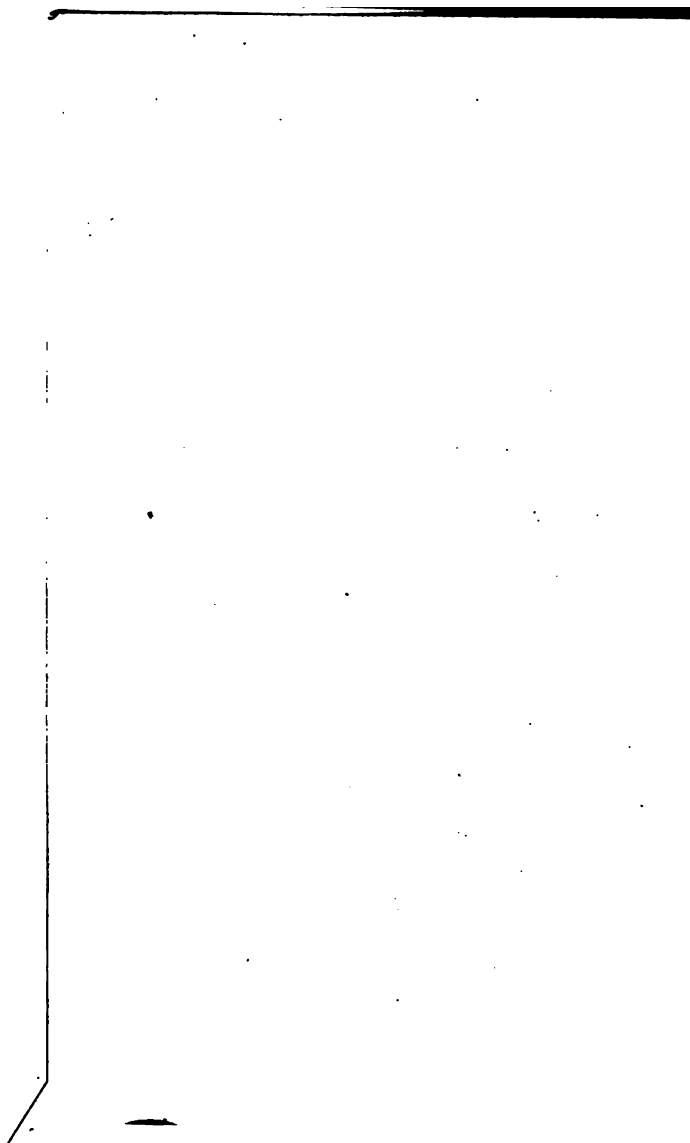
Ere he took the tempting glass,
He the public-house could pass;
But, alas! mistaken man,
He a drunken course began!

Now drink is a foe to Jim,
It has nearly ruin'd him;
As a warning, I'll essay
Jim's sad habits to pourtray.

Jim will go on spree again,
Though it gives his wife much pain;
Ere he's finish'd his day's work,
To some ale-house he will lurk.

Or he'll tramp with restless speed,
There to gratify his need;
Pamper'd thirst makes him a slave
To the draught which he doth crave.





Like some greedy hungry beast,
 Seeking for its midnight feast ;
 To his favourite haunt he'll go,
 There to drown his grief and woe.

Urgent thoughts of drink disturb,
 So their impulse he can't curb,
 Till this weakness leads astray,
 And he's forc'd to drink away.

Like the foolish, listless fly,
 He temptation can't deny ;
 Of his danger unaware,
 Till he's caught within the snare.

So of moral strength bereft,
 To his passion he is left ;
 Since poor Jim no nerve has got,
 He becomes a confirm'd sot.

Thus his wretched life is spent,
 Children over him lament ;
 Mother, bow'd with care and grief,
 Sues in vain for some relief.

He's distress'd and most forlorn,
 For his clothes are badly torn ;
 Scarcely has he got a shirt,
 What he wears is brown with dirt.

His emaciated form
 Shivers 'neath bleak winter's storm ;
 And the summer's sultry heat
 Makes poor Jim his bouts repeat.

Thus a captive he is led,
 Though, when he lies down his head,
 With his weary load of sin,
 He resolves—" I'll now begin ! "

" Yes," he groans, " I will this time,—
 I'll leave off my sin and crime ;
 I will try to please my wife,
 Lead a better, sober life."

But, alas ! when morn arrives,
 Thirst for drink again revives ;
 Jim, unable thirst to quell,
 Yields to the dread secret spell.

O'er his pint he tarries late,
Wretchedness attend his fate,
And he staggers on the road,
To his desolate abode.

Jim's wife dreads the coming night,
And she's often in a plight,
As in silence she remains,
None to share her secret pains !

So, the pensive hours glide by,
Or with rapid strides they fly ;
Grumbling still, but all in vain,
This is e'er her dismal strain.

"I'm fair wearied o' strong drink,
Dragging us to ruin's brink ;
An' I'm really sick all day,
Through Jim squand'ring brass away."

"Poverty and want are mine,
It's no wonder I repine ;
O'er his callous state I fret,
Conscience troubl'd wi' bad debt."

"Childer wi' ther clothes all torn ;
I'm dejected an' forlorn ;
Noan to comfort i' distress,
Or to mack life's troubles less."

"Look, indeed, where'er I will,
Sorrow haunts my prospects still ;
Forc'd to be a drunkard's wife,
Must be t'hardest task i' life!"

Thus she mutters her complaint,
Feeling quite perplex'd and faint ;
List'ning for Jim's staggering feet,
Though she dreads his face to meet.

Home is sad!—all lost in dirt,
Since his wife's a careless flirt ;
As she can't reclaim poor Jim,
So the lamp of hope burns dim.

Home scarcely deserves its name,
'Tis the dire abode of shame ;
Signs of comfort nowhere found,
Wretchedness we see around.

There's a clock against the wall,
Looking as though it would fall;
It should indicate the hour,
But it's lost the moving power.

So, neglected, still it stands,
With its black and crooked hands;
Weights and pendulum are gone,
Time, thus slighted, passes on.

Chairs and tables!—few we find;
Windows without glass and blind;
Cupboard—minus pots and bread,
Shows how scantily they're fed!

This is all brought on by Jim,
Yet his friends oft pity him;
And would gladly render aid,
Though in slough's despond he's laid.

But we know another man,
Who a sober life began;
He superior sense displays,
By thus shunning drunken ways.

He ne'er took the sparkling glass,
Boldly he'd the ale-house pass;
And refuse the subtle foe,
With a wise determin'd "No!"

John was punctual, prompt, and kind,
Of a generous, courteous mind;
Thus sobriety taught him,
Ne'er to copy such as Jim.

What a contrast we behold,
When the honest truth is told!—
John's teetotal—Jim's a sot;
See how diff'rent is each lot!

Long before the dawn of day,
John to work will trip away;
And when breakfast time appears,
Something nice his langour cheers.

John's wife knows her duty well,
So he has not her to tell;
Like a faithful, constant friend,
One on whom he can depend.

She will rise at early morn,
 Since to idly doze she'd scorn ;
 So she lights the fire anon,
 And prepares to welcome John.
 She's fried collops on the hob ;
 Nor o'erlooks the meanest job ;
 That she may please John still more,
 She'll oft sweep and wash the floor !

All is tidy, neat, and clean,
 Not like Jim's home—poor and mean ;
 As affection reigns supreme,
 Peace and comfort is their theme.

Rash unkindness they debar,
 Such foul things their joy ne'er mar ;
 Love and pleasure grace that spot,
 And bespeak a happy lot.

When refresh'd, John leaves his chair,
 Breathes a thankful, silent prayer ;
 To his labour starts apace,
 Pleasure beaming in his face.

Thus to him hard work feels light,
 Time appears quite swift in flight ;
 Next the dinner hour arrives,
 Food and rest his strength revives.

So the day's toil passes o'er,
 And John hastens home once more ;
 How this thought consoles his life—
 He will greet his smiling wife.

Laughing children, in their glee,
 Run to climb their father's knee ;
 And their fondness they express,
 By a loving kind caress.

Nice warm tea and toasted bread,
 Are in ample order spread ;
 Various other sorts, likewise,
 Suit their tastes and please their eyes.

When they've finish'd their repast,
 Children scamper off at last ;
 As obedience they learn,
 To their play again return.

Mother trains her children well,
 They in love and concord dwell ;
 She her household work attends,
 An example to her friends.

When the baking day comes round,
 She is at her duty found ;
 You might see her then prepare
 Currant cakes and viands rare.
 And to give John more delight,
 When he homeward comes at night,
 What delicious things surprise—
 Apple pastry, tarts, and pies !

But, when parish feasts appear,
 As they do once in each year,
 Well the table is supplied,
 See what dainty things beside !

Plates of jelly, pots of jam,
 Plates of nice fried eggs and ham ;
 Jars of pickles, roasted beef—
 Things which give hunger relief.

Jars of orange marmalade,
 Jars of fresh preserves, home-made ;
 Plates of biscuits here and there,
 Thus compose their pleasant fare.

Though John's neither rich nor poor,
 They have quite enough in store ;
 Thus of needful things possess'd,
 They feel thankful, and are bless'd.

So a happier home, I guess,
 No one scarcely could possess ;
 And John seems his home to prize,
 As 'tis there his treasure lies.

Often John at home will stay,
 And beguile the night away ;
 Or, whene'er he does go out,
 His wife knows what he's about.

He will say, with much delight,
 "I am going out to-night ;"
 And, as she can him confide,
 John's resolve is ne'er denied.

So, when he is wash'd and dress'd
 In his second suit of best,
 He to some safe place repairs,
 Far from drink's enticing snares.

To a lecture John will haste,
 There to gratify his taste ;
 Thus a pleasant night he spends
 With his kind familiar friends.

And each holy Sabbath day,
 John to school will trip away ;
 He will take his family too,
 Teach them thus sin to eschew.

Then the chapel he'll frequent,
 Where some pleasant hours are spent ;
 Or he'll go to church likewise,
 As John will no sect despise.

Ofttimes Sarah goes with him,
 And they're dress'd so nice and trim,
 Many people say, " Ah ! see,
 How that family agree ! "

Or, when there's a meeting near,
 John will go, a speech to hear ;
 Or, he'll to the club repair,
 And enjoy an evening there.

He'll play various games, I guess,
 Draughts, or billiards and chess ;
 Or, he'll read the news, perchance,
 And his knowledge thus enhance.

As the pleasure John finds there,
 Leaves no trace of grief or care,
 With good-will at home they meet,
 Smiling faces gladly greet.

Nought his tranquil mind annoys,
 So contentment he enjoys ;
 And, though John returns home late,
 Still he's in a cheerful state.

John arrives at ten o'clock,
 When he's heard each fav'rite knock ;
 But our poor dejected friend,
 Does not yet his habits mend.

Jim has been again on spree,
And indulg'd a foul *melee*;
He approaches his house door,
'Tumbling tipsy, as before.

John comes walking quite erect,
So he courts our best respect;
And, his wife, with kind address,
Strives her pleasure to express.

"Have you be to th'club, my lad?
If you have, I shall be glad;
Then she gives a coaxing glance,
John returns it in advance.

"Yes," John says, "I'm fain I went,
Happier hours I've seldom spent;
From my own fire-side, dear lass,
Pleasant moments there we pass."

"Charming pastime there we find,
'Cheering to the harrass'd mind;
Music's tranquilizing power
Sweetly smooths each lagging hour."

"Social bliss these clubs promote,
Drunkards' woes best antidote;
When I to those scenes repair,
Nought e'er mars my pleasure there."

Thus sweet converse time beguiles,
They exchange kind words and smiles;
And in peace betake to rest,
Breathe to God their night's request.

But, alas! the closing night,
At Jim's home reveals a sight,
Which we deeply loathe to tell—
Like some hut where gipsies dwell.

Nought awaits poor drunken Jim
But the surly look so grim;
And an angry burst of strife,
From himself and peevish wife.

When provok'd, they quarrel long;
Jim's convinc'd he thus does wrong;
But his wife is much to blame,
As she feeds contention's flame.

So an abject victim made,
Sin and crime poor Jim degrade ;
Nought his progress can retard,
Till by prison-walls debarr'd !

Whilst confin'd, he feels his state,
And now dreads a fouler fate,
So resolves, in future time,
He'll abandon drink and crime.

And, at home his family weep,
As a watch for him they keep ;
So, in prayer, with anguish sore,
Trust God will the lost restore.

Days of weary, anxious life,
Now are pass'd by poor Jim's wife !
And with gladness greets the day,
When this curse is done away !

Lo ! the prodigal returns,
What a change his wife discerns !
As her eyes with rapture scan
Jim, a better, sober man !

So, to ratify his vow,
And some good results to show,
With a manly proud design,
He the temp'rance pledge would sign.

And, though Jim is now reclaim'd,
No more for past conduct blam'd,
Yet, we see—nay, we are sure—
“ Prevention's better than cure.”

And, if Jim's depress'd and poor,
Yet he may himself restore ;
And his humble cot become
Soon a pleasant happy home !

Still, John's right ; he's wise, we know,
As his actions plainly show ;
Working men should spend their time,
Far from tracks which lead to crime.
Like John, they should spurn strong drink,
Nor to vile temptation shrink ;
Spend their leisure hours like him,
But be warn'd by such as Jim.

Lest, before they are aware,
They are caught within the snare;
So regret the glass they take,
And their sober ways forsake.

There's a moral to this sketch,
Plac'd within our reason's stretch:—
We are safe in virtue's road,
Vice and woe our joys corrode.

Then let this be your delight—
First make your own fire shine bright;
For yourselves ripe cherries buy;
You'll succeed; so, *only try!*

A VOICE FROM THE STREAMLET.

Hark! the gushing streamlet, rippling through the wood,
Tells in language plainly—God is wise and good:
List! methinks it whispers—"I was made for man;
Look! I run so freely, all may drink who can."

"Little warblers gladly sip along my shore,
Giants of the forest hail my gentle roar;
They are led by instinct, reason prompts man's choice;
They submit and listen, but man shuns its voice."

"Appetite and passion reason's laws pervert,
And the noxious bev'rage does him mental hurt;
So, intoxicated, reason prostrate lies,
And all manly feeling soon within him dies!"

"Thus an abject creature he is made by drink,
And, unconscious, see him dragg'd to ruin's brink!
Why transform God's blessing to a deadly curse?
And, by greedy drinking, make the error worse?"

"Why refuse to like me in my crystal state,
And defile my nature with what all must hate?
I am sent to bless you by the God of love;
From the hills I travel, or the clouds above."

"Nature, clad in beauty, with each flower and tree,
 Soon would droop and wither, unsustain'd by me:
 Man, receive me wisely, always use me right,
 And I then shall yield thee nothing but delight."

So, real temp'rance learning from the bounding rill,
 Let us ever practise and pursue it still;
 Ne'er reject the offer of its kind reproof,
 But defend it bravely, and ne'er stand aloof.



ST. PAUL'S ADVICE TO TIMOTHY,
 AND
 OUR SAVIOUR'S MIRACLE AT THE
 MARRIAGE OF CANA;
 OR,
 TWO POPULAR ERRORS REFUTED.

1st Timothy v. 23; John ii. 1—10.

Of all the vain excuses
 That are alleg'd for drink,
 There is no case so common
 As Timothy's, I think.

Some say the wise Apostle
 Taught him, as a dear friend,
 That by his ready sanction,
 Paul did strong drink defend.

But we must frankly tell you,
 Such statements we refuse,
 As, by misapplication,
 You *good advice* abuse.

" *A little wine,*" Saint Paul said,
 " Use for thy stomach's sake ; " ¶
 But never did he tell *us*,
We were likewise to take.

¶ On reliable authority it is stated that the complaint under which the Apostle suffered is called *DYSPEPSIA*, or "*Debility of the Digestive Organs.*"

'Twas us'd by him as medicine, ||
 But not to pamper thirst,*
 For Timothy saw plainly
 The consequences first.

|| Intoxicating wine is injurious. That which Paul recommended to Timothy was not intoxicating; probably it was *must* or unfermented wine; for the Apostle could not consistently have recommended Alcoholic drink or poison to Timothy, whose health was so debilitated.

* 1st Timothy, v., 23.

He knew that ancient prophets
 Had err'd through drinks and wines,†
 And was distinctly cautioned
 By eminent divines. ‡

† Isaiah xxviii., 7.

‡ Prov. xx., 1; Hab. ii., 15; Prov. xxiii., 29, 32. Dan. i., 8;
 Jer. xxxv., 6.

So he in prudence took it,
 As Paul design'd he should;
 For well he knew intemperance
 Would never do him good.

He knew that it would weaken
 And paralyze each nerve,
 So from his resolutions
 He surely would not swerve.

But to his pledge of reason,
 Most steadfast he remained ;
 And, free from vile enticements,
 His faithfulness maintained.†

† Acts xvi., 2; 2nd Tim., i., 5; 1st Cor., iv., 17.

But only bigots blindly
 Their fallacies assert,
 Who do our cause injustice,
 And God's own word pervert.

While others say our Saviour
 Turn'd water into wine ; ‡
 But this was to convince them
 That He was most divine.

‡ John ii.—1, 10.

Neither was it to glut them,
 Or thirst to satisfy ;
 But out of love and pity,
 Our Saviour did comply.

Some still affirm most boldly
 It would intoxicate,
 At least as an opinion
 This fallacy they state.

And so in bold derision,
 Hold truth in disrepute ;
 And say there's contradiction,
 But this we shall refute.

For it was inconsistent
 With Christ's unblemish'd mind,
 That He should give them something
 Of a polluting kind.

So, this is subtle error,
 For who could bear the thought
 That one injurious action
 Could e'er by Christ be wrought ?

A holy, blessed object,
 Our Saviour had in view,
 It was to prove His mission—
 Messiah—just and true.

But they forget the purpose
 That justifies this act ;
 They overlook the reason
 And cavil with the fact.

Likewise the great Apostle
 In native science skill'd,
 By deeds of unfeigned kindness,
 The law of Christ fulfill'd.

So words of loving counsel
 To Timothy he sent,

And all his hand dictated
 Was for his welfare meant.
 For Timothy awaken'd
 Paul's philanthropic pride ;
 And doubtless he most promptly,
 His good advice applied.
 To heal, or soothe and nourish
 This tonic only us'd ;
 But not by greedy drinking
 This precious boon abus'd.
 Though Paul for crystal water
 The grape-juice did advise,
 It is no proof whatever
 That he did it despise.
 But as he'd been acquainted
 With Timothy for years,
 He knew his disposition
 As from God's word appears.†

† Acts xx., 4.

So he was thus enabl'd,
 To know his case the best
 And we have no occasion
 God's sacred truth to test.
 To misconstrue its meaning,—
 The foul attempt is vain :—
 Beyond our mean endeavours,
 'Tis palpable and plain.
 Some plead—" all Scripture's given
 For counsel and reproof,"
 And yet from solemn duties
 They often stand aloof.
 Therefore they argue fairly—
 If Timothy took wine,
 They have a right to follow
 Example so divine.
 Still, they must please remember
 It was a deed of love,
 Prompted by purest feeling
 And wisdom from above.

But many drink when healthy,
 Thus ignorance betray,
 And foolishly imagine
 Paul's doctrine they obey.

Alas! mistaken mortals
 Who thus themselves delude,
 They tolerate intemp'rance,
 We must at once conclude.

St. Paul had thought and prudence
 Nothing to contradict,
 For he in Christian doctrine
 Was careful, shrewd, and strict.

A mind so great and gifted,
 With holy zeal inspir'd,
 Demands implicit credence,
 And should be thus admir'd.

Though some may *think* they surely
 Still sober can remain,
 Drink may ere long deceive them,
 And lead to grief and pain.

For drink makes those who take it
 Susceptible to fall;
 Therefore rash vows are often
 No guarantee at all.

And Christians who encourage
 E'en moderate drinking still;
 Are oft accus'd by drinkers
 As being quite as ill.

So it becomes our duty,
 As Christians, to abstain;
 And from all other evils
 As firmly to refrain.*

* 1st Thess., v. 22.

But ah, how many persons
 This duty still neglect,
 And treat the sacred record
 With scorn and disrespect.

For if we strictly follow'd
 The words of this great Saint,†
 Intemperance would vanish
 With sorrow and complaint.

† Rom. xiv., 21.

Still many drink for fashion,
 And some to suit their friends,
 Till appetite and passion
 In gross intemperance ends.

But, if like Paul, in earnest,
 We love our brother well;
 We shall at once with pleasure,
 Resign drink's secret spell.

Consider how the prophets
 And holy seers beside,
 To benefit Religion
 Their happiness denied.

Though life to all is precious,
 Yet for *Religion's* sake,
 Many devoted martyrs
 Suffered by rack and stake.

And other saints endur'd
 Imprisonment and pain,
 That they the cause of freedom
 Might constantly maintain.

So, if such noble Christians
 Once bore reproach and shame,
 It is *our* bounden duty
 That *we* should bear the same.

Then let us judge sincerely,
 And facts ne'er palliate,
 But rather pain and sorrow
 Assist to mitigate.

For well we know example
 Is better than advice,
 Like sunshine on the ocean
 Which melts the solid ice.

It pacifies all error,
 Blind prejudice, and doubt;

Then leads to firm conviction,
When actions speak it out.

So, as a proper bev'rage,
Paul did wine's use denounce
And woes against intemp'rance,
God does Himself pronounce. §

§ Isaiah v. 11; Habakkuk ii. 15.

With such a trifling idol,
We gladly should dispense;
Since peace and satisfaction
Would be our recompense.

We know that moderation—
A glass or two each day—
Leads many, through temptation,
To drunkenness astray.

To *all*, therefore, *who drink*, friends,
With fervour we appeal;
And ask you for the drunkard,
Some sympathy to feel.

No longer our best efforts
Unjustly underrate;
And by your bad example,
Our progress thus stagnate.

But come and join our army,
Nor think 'tis safe to wait,
Lest, through procrastination,
Yours is a drunkard's fate.

Remember how deceitful
Drink often does appear,
Since sixty thousand drunkards
Are victims ev'ry year.

Reflect upon its havoc,—
Its cruel, dreadful deeds!
What wretched homes or hovels!—
And think whence it proceeds.

It costs in sterling money,
By trade returns we're told,
Nearly two hundred millions
Of sovereigns in gold!

If all that precious metal
 Into one mass was wrought,
 It would exceed in magnitude
 The car of Juggernaut.

Or if we laid those sovereigns
 In piles of fifty each,
 We should be much astonish'd
 How many miles they'd reach.

If facts will but persuade you
 That we are in the right,
 We could produce a figure
 Which would astound your sight.

But for this source of sorrow,
 This fruitful school of crime,
 The gloomy, dismal prison
 Might useless prove in time.

The weeping child and mother,
 Oppress'd with want and grief,
 Would from their sad distresses
 Soon find some sweet relief.

The money which so often
 Is sorely misapplied,
 Would groups of pining children
 With food and clothes provide.

Beside, life might be lengthen'd
 And happiness increas'd,
 If but from vile intemp'rance
 All people were releas'd.

Our land would bloom with beauty,
 And blossom like the rose ;
 While God would smile and bless us.
 Far more than we suppose.

For "righteousness exalteth
 A nation," so we know,
 As Solomon declareth,
 And history's pages show.

But "sin is a reproach," then,
 "To any people" here,
 As fallen nations prove to us,
 By facts and records clear.

So, if we take to drinking,
 Only when we have need,
 Intemperance and drunkards
 Would soon be scarce indeed.

The poverty and trouble,
 Which pains us every day,
 Would vanish like a bubble,
 Beneath religion's sway!



A VOICE FROM THE CLOCK

AT THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BINGLEY

ONE day, in passing through the town,
 Our Institution clock I saw;
 Its pensiveness was plainly shown,
 Which did my earnest pity draw.

I gaz'd with wonder most sincere,
 As I had often done before;
 But, *then* I seem'd as if to hear
 A speech which did its lot deplore.

Its silent hands in bondage hung,
 Quite motionless across its face;
 And so I listen'd to its tongue,
 As marks of sorrow I could trace.

Its patience seem'd exhausted quite,
 And surely could no more be mute;
 Its sad dilapidated plight,
 Was plea enough none can dispute.

A mournful tale it had to tell
 As from its aspect did appear,
 Its murmuring accents gently fell
 Upon my captivated ear.

"Look, sir," methought I heard it say,
 "I'm in a sad and gloomy fix;
 I cannot move my hands away,
 To leave a-quarter after six!"

"Methinks I often hear the sound
 'Click, clack,' as chimes the old Church clock
 And fain my weary wheels would bound,
 And join with it each hour to knock."

"Do you not pity my lone state,
 And long to see my hands at work?
 No longer doom'd to idle fate,
 But like my neighbour and the 'kirk.'"

"The merry chiming of that bell
 Announces time's quick, fleeting strides;
 And both alike unite to tell
 How swiftly onward still it glides."

"While I in solitude hang here,
 A spectacle for pity's sake,
 No life nor ought my gloom to cheer,
 At night when folks the streets forsake."

Poor clock! I know thou grumbles thus,
 Because thy friends far better seem,
 But thou art just as dear to us,
 And quite as much deserves esteem.

The clanking of the National clock,
 Reverberating o'er the hills,
 Might now thy mute condition mock,
 As it so oft our hearing thrills.

Once it had ceas'd its clapping tongue,
 Which told us of each passing hour,
 Its pendulum still nimbly hung,
 Retains its potent driving power.

And faithfully it jogs away,
 A useful, public servant still;
 Its favourite knock by night and day,
 Is heard o'er valley, field and hill.

While its companion at the Church
 Repeats the striking and goes well,
 We seldom see them in a lurch,
 For both the time correctly tell.

Its golden figures charm our sight,
 And glitter in the sun by day;
 Which make it visible at night,
 And seen by us though far away.

Its old companion likewise
 Shows its black figures and white face ;
 Whilst none its usefulness despise,
 'Tis valued in its humble place.

But thou in silence must complain,
 A melancholy lot is thine ;
 For useless still thou must remain,
 And thy clear face refuse to shine.

Perhaps another Winter's blasts
 Will beat thy features till quite dark ;
 And whilst thy kind forbearance lasts,
 On thee ill-treatment leaves a mark.

Thy wheels will rust, thy hands grow black,
 Thy countenance a dullness wear ;
 No wonder thou shouldst beauty lack,
 When thus expos'd to cold damp air.

No light within to keep thee warm,
 To dry the moisture from thy brow ;
 No glass to screen thy face from harm,
 No water motion to bestow.

A doleful lot is truly thine,
 Couldst thou but half thy sorrow speak,
 The ill o'er which thou might'st repine,
 Would cause the sternest heart to break.

I marvel if thy maker waits
 For drops of rain to start thy wheels ;
 Such dree suspense each friend now hates,
 Who really for thy welfare feels.

Some say 'tis this prolongs delay,
 Although it only seems a joke ;
 Well, be the cause whate'er it may,
 He's honest who so freely spoke.

So thy complaint is right I'm sure,
 Unjustly thou hast suffer'd long ;
 And no one would thy pain endure,
 Who wish'd to labour with the throng.

After reflecting thus awhile,
 Methought I heard its voice again ;
 And so I listen'd with a smile,
 As it had further to complain.

"I might a useful servant be,
A blessing to our pretty town ;
Many with joy would glance at me,
Instead of giving me a frown."

"This building was erected soon,
It is a structure truly grand ;
But, I am equally a boon,
Though I from work neglected stand."

"I am a scandal to this place,
A public nuisance, as you see ;
If I could spy my dirty face,
A veil would very useful be."

"When some without a watch are near,
And wish to know the lapse of time,
They sadly puzzl'd oft appear,
As if by mystery sublime."

"As to God's house the crowds are bent,
Upwards they lift a wistful eye ;
'But as no guidance I present,
They often pass me quickly by"

"Though I've committed no foul crime,
To merit punishment so hard,
My wheels would run—I'd keep good time—
If loos'd from bonds which still retard."

"Some say it is a great disgrace,
That I should still unfinish'd be ;
While ruin's pictur'd in my face,
This is a state all grieve to see."

"I want to indicate the time,
Perform my duty day by day, .
Along my upward journey clime,
March on my long appointed way."

Poor clock ! methinks thy murmuring voice
Justly accuses our neglect ;
And, as o'er progress we rejoice,
Thou prompts our pity and respect.

A tank for water we must set,
And fix in proper working frame,
Propelling power we should get,
As soon as rain in torrents came.

Some have suggested this wise plan,
 Though it is merely said in fun
 So we will leave it to the man
 Who first the tedious work begun.

If thy constructor would just try,
 With zeal pursue his arduous task,
 And all his eager skill apply,
 Soon thou compassion ne'er wouldst ask.

Is he too busy?—can he not
 Devote an hour to thee each day,
 And thus relieve thy wretched lot,
 Ere thou shalt crumble with decay?

If he could sixty minutes spare,
 Each day expend this time on thee,
 Ere next December, I declare,
 Thy hands in motion we should see.

Thy lofty face at night wouldst glow
 In its refulgent, cheerful pride;
 Thy fingers soon time's flight would show,
 And thus a welcome boon provide.

Thy glittering hands would shine by day,
 Thy golden figures please our sight;
 Thy dial would reflect each ray
 From sol by day or moon at night.

Indeed, thou wouldst a blessing be,
 Thy worth my feeble pen can't tell;
 But, hoping soon this change to see,
 I wish thee and thy maker well.

So, trusting that this hint he'll take,
 My motives rightly understood,
 I write this for the people's sake,
 As well as for the poor clock's good.

This friendly hint the maker took,
 And to the captive gave relief;
 So we no more with pity look,
 Nor feel for negligence such grief.

Its hands perform their daily task,
 As we have seen for years of late;
 And now no laughing strangers ask
 The mystery of its former state.

All the poor clock did once foretell
 Has been fulfill'd, we gladly own;
 For now it does its duty well,
 And is convenient to the town.
 So I shall oft with pleasure think
 How the poor clock inspir'd my rhyme,
 And sweet remembrances 'twill link
 With past as well as future time.

A WINTER'S MORN.

I WOKE one morn—I heard the wind's wild roar,
 In furious gusts come rushing 'gainst the door;
 Then all was still—no human foot I heard,
 As no one from their slumber then had stirr'd.
 Bleak winter winds o'er hill and valley blew,
 And nought but desolation met the view;
 Then all was dull—no object could I spy,
 As clouds of darkness swept along the sky.
 I listen'd;—soon I heard the gushing rain,
 In torrents beat the window-sills again;
 The wind meanwhile unnumber'd pranks did play,
 Then in the distance gently died away.
 And, as I musing laid upon my bed,
 How many thoughts came crowding in my head;
 I ponder'd o'er the homeless poor outcast,
 Expos'd that morn to such a bitter blast.
 I thought of those upon the billowy deep,
 Who, toss'd about, most anxious vigil keep;
 I wonder'd how the rocking ships would brave
 The raging tempest and the rolling wave.
 And then I meditated o'er God's care,
 Whose goodness is unbounded everywhere;
 Such sweet reflections gave my faith more strength,
 As joy o'erflow'd with gratitude at length.
 And then I gratefully consider'd well,
 How some in peace at home so safely dwell;
 And thus, awhile I pass'd my time away,
 Until the welcome pleasant break of day.

Hour after hour had gently jogg'd along ;
 'The wind still whistl'd low a mournful song :
 Day dawn'd at last—the snow began to fall,
 Covering each hill, and mantling field and wall.

Yet, everything a gloomy aspect bore,
 No messenger of winter sought my door ;
 'The sparrow's chirp was silenc'd in the blast,
 While drifting snow continu'd to fall fast.

No robin red-breast near my house was seen,
 Singing amid the stormy blast so keen ;
 'They'd fled elsewhere to seek a place of rest,
 Where piercing wind and frost could not molest.

Under the roof of some sequester'd farm,
 They find a shelter from each rude alarm ;
 Where, screen'd from cold, they pass the livelong day
 As hoary winter slowly wears away.

Sent by that God alone whose mighty hand
 The furious storm in mercy doth command ;
 As harbingers of joy 'mid winter drear,
 They come the bleak and lonesome scene to cheer.
 And yet there's something pleasing in the sight,
 Which often yields the poet true delight ;
 Though keen the blast, and nature seems forlorn,
 Still let's rejoice to see a winter's morn.



JOB SENIOR; THE HERMIT.

I'LL relate a strange queer story,
 Of an hermit known to fame,
 Who throughout fair Wharfedale's valleys
 Once had won a well known name.

At the head of Burley woodlands
 Job had fix'd his dwelling place ;
 Where, secluded from all turmoil,
 Happiness his home did grace.

With domestic joy surrounded,
 And a wife whom to confide,
 He was merry and contented,
 For he'd riches by his side.

But, alas ! inconstant fortune,
 Fickle and unfaithful friend,
 Soon deceiv'd his brightest prospects.
 Which in disappointment end.

Death ere long remov'd his partner,
 Nipp'd the frail and drooping flower ;
 And thus blighted life's fair future,
 In an unexpected hour.

They interred her mortal body
 In the cold and silent tomb ;
 Then came some ill-dispos'd persons,
 Soon to claim his wealth and home.

And with haste they shortly started
 To complete their wicked end,
 Laid his home in desolation,
 As no one did him defend.

Thus bereft of house and fortune
 By the invader's ruthless hand,
 He determin'd in the conflict
 Not to sacrifice his land.

So, compell'd to seek a shelter,
 Job rebuilt the ruin'd spot ;
 And, on Rumbolds moor wild common
 Stood once more his rural cot.

There he dwelt amidst all seasons,
 Quite retir'd, alone, and free ;
 For to all life's scenes and bustle
 He a stranger seem'd to be.

Most eccentric were his manners,
 Rougher dress than his, I ween,
 Never screen'd a person's shoulders
 From stern winter's blasts so keen.

All his clothes were patch'd so thickly,
 And with cord so deftly tied,
 That to know the real original,
 Would have all our skill defied.

And the stitches were so blended,
 So entangl'd and so cross'd,
 That to tell how they were mended
 Would our vain endeavours cost.

Winter winds howl'd round his dwelling,
 But he brav'd them all with ease :
 Neither winter's frost nor snowstorms
 E'er his quietude did tease.

And though furious blasts roll'd o'er him,
 Calmly in his hut he dwelt ;
 Contemplating future rambles,
 By his fire no cold he felt .

But Job was not unbefriended,
 For his fame spread far and wide ;
 Many people went to see him,
 And with alms his wants supplied.

Oft in Airedale Job was welcom'd
 As the hermit of the moor,
 For he came to sing his carols
 At the humble cottage door.

Thus he spent his chequer'd life-time,
 Journeying from town to town ;
 Sleeping in old barns for lodgings,
 Till at last he reach'd his own.

But, fatigu'd, harass'd, and weary
 With the hardship he'd to bear,
 Soon disease and death releas'd him
 From a life of toil and care.

Now entomb'd in Burley Church yard,
 Lie his poor mortal remains ;
 But no more keen sorrows reach him,
 Recompens'd for all his pains.

Peacefully his soul departed
 To those mansions of the blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

Far secure from earthly evils,
 There no grief or pain they feel,
 In yon world of perfect pleasure,
 Where no thieves break through and steal.



APPENDIX

CRUMBS FOR EVERYBODY;

OR,

Gems from the best Authors

CONSISTING OF

Grave and Gay Maxims,

POETRY, ETC.

GRAVE & GAY MAXIMS, ETC.

KINDNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.—The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the play-ground, and in the school-room, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness, that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness—to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others—to go a little round rather than come against another—to take an ill word or a cross look, rather than resent or return it: these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant smiling sunshine secured even in the humble home, among very poor people, as in families in higher stations. Much that we term the miseries of life would be avoided by adopting this rule of conduct.

GOD'S LOVE.—The following lines are said to have been written by a person commonly called an absolute idiot. A ray from the sanctuary, revealing the mercies of redemption as well as of creation, must surely have glanced across his mind.

“Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade:
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.”

LIVING AT PEACE.—The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have a humble opinion of ourselves. True goodness is invariably accompanied by gentleness and humble-mindedness. Humility is the first lesson which our Divine Legislator has given to man; it is with that he opens the code of salvation—"Blessed are the poor in spirit." Such is the base proposed by Jesus Christ—for the palace of sublime philosophy he was about to introduce upon earth, he gives humility for its foundation, well knowing that when once that virtue is thoroughly seated in the heart, all the others will come and range themselves around her.

KNOWLEDGE is modest, distrustful, and pure, Ignorance boastful, conceited, and sure.

THE WORLD'S COMPASSION.—When the world condescends to compassion, what execration is equal to it? How beautifully it draws up the full indictment of your failings, that it may extend its clemency to each! How carefully does it discriminate between your depravity and your weakness, that it may not wrong you! But how cutting is the hopefulness it expresses for your future, by suggesting some impassable road for your reformation!

LIFE is beautiful—its duties

Cluster round each passing day,
While their sweet and solemn voices,

Warn to work, to watch, to pray.
They alone its blessings forfeit,

Who by sin their spirits cheat,
Or to slothful stupor yielding,

Let the rust their armour eat.

FLATTERY is like a flail, which, if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the corn."

OH, that a world of beauty,
 A loving heart might plan,
 If man but did his duty,
 And helped his brother man!
 Then angel guests would brighten
 The threshold with their wings,
 And love divine enlighten
 The old forgotten strings.
 This world is not so bad a world
 As some would like to make it;
 But whether good or whether bad,
 Depends on how we take it.
 For if we fret and scold all day,
 From dewy morn till even,
 This world will ne'er afford to man
 A foretaste here of heaven."

MARK ME WELL.—A gentleman having missed his way, fortunately overtook a boy going with a quantity of tar to mark his master's sheep. The gentleman asked the road to Banff, but was directed by so many windings and turnings, right and left, that he agreed to take the boy behind him on the horse, as he was going near to the same place. Finding him pert and docile, he gave him, as they rode on, some wholesome advice, relative to his future good conduct, adding, occasionally, "Mark me well, my boy." "Yes, sir," says he, "I do." However, he repeated the injunction so often, that the boy at last called out—"Sir, I have no more tar."

TIME never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed.

CHARITY.—He is a truly charitable and good man who, when he receives injuries, grieves rather for the malice of him that injures him than for his own sufferings.

WHAT IS LIFE?—Life is made up, not of great sacrifices and duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A Dutchman, the other day reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, “the meeting then dissolved.” He could not define the meaning of the latter word, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Honty said, “Dey must hab werry hot wedder dere in New York. I read an agount of a meeting vere all de peoples hab melted away.”

VALUABLE VIRTUES.—Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning gains esteem; but good-breeding alone insures love and affection.

FUTURITY.—Truly and beautifully has it been said, that the veil which hides the future has been woven by the hand of mercy.

COURAGE.—The world is a lazar-house—be kind, patient, and humble; it is a masquerade—be prudent; it is a battle-field—be bold.

A TROUBLESOME CONGREGATION.—One Sunday, when the minister of Udney entered the

kirk, he was no less surprised and indignant to find that daft Jamie Fleeming had taken possession of the pulpit. "Come down, Jamie," said the minister. "Come ye up, sir," answered Jamie; "they're a stiff-nekit and rebellious generation, sir, an' it'll take us baith to manage them."

FRIENDSHIP.—Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

ADVERSITY.—Adversity is the trial of principle: without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

CLEAN DOORS.—"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaler—you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you never take a drop yoursel, minister?" "Ah! but, John, you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Very true, sir," says John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John," said the perplexed minister, "I cannot tell you that." "Well, sir," John replied, "it was just because every one kept his own door clean." Example is better than precept.

HAPPINESS.—There is no living creature that gives us such an idea of happiness as a bird, as it skims on light wing through the air, alights among flowery shrubs, or upon the springing bough of a lofty tree, or dresses its plumage by a fountain or stream; although unconscious of any provision for its returning wants, the little warbler cheerfully sings, as if satisfied to make

the best of its present enjoyments. What a lesson of resignation !

CONTENTMENT.—The fountain of contentment must spring up in the mind ; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the sordid griefs which he proposes to remove.

CONSCIENCE.—A good conscience is better than two witnesses. It will dispel thy fears, as the sun dissolves the ice. It is a staff when thou art weary, a spring when thou art thirsty, a screen in the furnace of trial and adversity, a pillow in death.

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.—As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns ; as the beautiful blue heavens are sometimes overcast and sometimes fair—so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and pains.

A SINCERE WISH.—A witty fellow slipped down on an icy pavement, and while sitting, he muttered, “ I’ve no desire to see the city burned down, but I sincerely wish the streets were *laid in ashes !* ”

DUTY.—To do all the good we possibly can.

THE COBBLER.—A hard life that of a cobbler, for ever struggling to make both ends meet.

SORROW.—Just as the wind clears the murky sky, deep sorrow eventually tranquilises the soul ; the tumult gradually subsides ; the flitting

memories, the scudding thoughts, that coursed about in such wild order, vanish and melt away, and a feeling of circumambient serenity succeeds, like the sunshine and pleasant calm after a bitter storm.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—In the examination of an Irish case before a magisterial court, the counsel, on cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped. He answered, "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of wine." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?"—"A fight, of course!"

PASTE THIS UP IN YOUR MIND.—Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into contagious odour. Evil company is like tobacco-smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

AIM.—There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim, with an honourable purpose. It dignifies your nature, and insures you success.

SHADOWS.—Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

PASSION.—To cure a fit of passion, walk out into the open air.

Go ahead is a good motto; LOOK ahead is another.

EXPERIENCE.—This is a very useful pocket-compass that few think of consulting till they have lost their way.

A REAL PHILANTHROPIST.—If, as you go home, a child loses a half-penny, and if by giving it another you can wipe away its tears, you will feel that you have done a deed of love, which is always rewarded with satisfaction.

GENEROSITY.—A generous person never loses the remembrance of the benefits he has received, but easily forgets those his own hand dispenses.

RICHES.—Riches do not consist in the possession of wealth, but in the good use made of them.

AGE.—Let us honour old age, as it is what we all tend to.

CONSCIENCE.—There is nothing so fearful as a bad conscience; so, if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

DIFFICULT THINGS.—The three most difficult things are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and well employ our leisure time.

LONG LIFE.—If thou wouldst live long, live well; for folly and wickedness shorten life.

A SUBSTITUTE.—Physic, for the most part, is a substitute for exercise of temperance.

NEVER DIES.—Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, it sleeps while winter lasts, but wakes with the warm breath of spring.

VIGILANCE.—When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

CONFESSION.—A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is

but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

THE QUIET OF HOME.

OH, give me the quiet of home,
 Though humble in life be my lot!
 I need not for happiness roam
 From the door of my own lovely cot :
 The card-room may do for the knave,
 The gin-shop may do for the mome ;
 But the truest enjoyment is found
 In the beautiful quiet of home !
 Sweet home ! dearest place upon earth,
 Where kindred in friendship agree ;
 Its innocent pleasures transcend
 The poor drunkard's folly and glee ;
 Then give me the smile of dear friends,
 Let the gipsy, unsettl'd, still roam ;
 But the company of lov'd ones I'll seek
 In the sweet, pleasant quiet of home !
 I boast not possessions of gold,
 In poverty never lament ;
 For the richest in wealth of the world
 Perhaps may be most discontent :
 The noble may hold his estate,
 The monarch for happiness roam ;
 But they know not the love of true hearts,
 Nor the beautiful quiet of home !
 Then give me the quiet of home,
 By the hearth of my own humble cot ;
 The ball-room may do for the flirt,
 The tavern may do for the sot ;

But where there are lov'd friends around—
 And I tell it to all who may roam—
 No enjoyment can ever be found
 To equal the quiet of HOME !



ONE MAN IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER.

ONE man is as good as another,
 How tatter'd and poor he may be,
 Though gold he may lack, he's a brother—
 A branch of the same noble tree.

If sorrow assail and distress,
 If fortune prove fickle and frown,
 Should we by unkindness oppress ?
 Should we help to trample him down ?

Is it right the afflicted to pain ?
 Is it manly to harass the poor ?
 Is it generous to turn with disdain
 From the man asking alms at your door ?

One man is as good as another,
 While honesty reigns in his breast ;
 Take each by the hand as a brother,
 Though meanly and shabbily drest.

Alas ! many noble hearts languish
 With sorrow and grief on life's way ;
 Are left to themselves in their anguish,
 As none deem it right they should stay.

Is it honest to pass by the suff'ring ?
 Though poor, don't forget he's a brother ;
 So be kind to all men, 'tis our duty,—
 One man is as good as another !

Let friendship all classes unite,
 Let charity dwell in the land ;
 Let justice, love, mercy, and truth,
 Be each at our wish and command !
 Be kind, be true-hearted and free,
 Love each as a friend and a brother ;
 While living, our motto should be,
 One man is as good as another !

A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
 B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child ;
 B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
 B sure you make matters subservient to mind.
 B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
 B courteous to all men, B friendly with few ;
 B temperate in argument, B free from all crime,
 B careful of conduct, of money and time.
 B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
 B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn ;
 B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
 B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust ;
 B penitent, circumspect, sound in your faith ;
 B active, devoted ; B faithful till death.
 B honest, B holy, transparent, and pure ;
 B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.
 B but half as perfect as these lines suggest,
 And here, and hereafter, you'll surely B blest.

A WISE PREROGATIVE.—A kiss is worth a thousand kicks.

RATHER THOUGHTLESS.--A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the

night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared that he never was drunk, nor even meant to be, for it always made him feel so bad the next day.

PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time.

A CRUMB FOR THE INFIDEL AND SCEPTIC.

ALL nature is but art unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see :
 All discord, harmony, not understood,
 All partial evil, universal good ;
 All-gracious Providence is good and wise,
 Alike in what He gives and what denies.

NO BLESSING IN THE BOWL.

MAN of toil, wouldst thou be free ?
 Lend thine ear to Reason's call ;
 There's folly in the drunkard's glee,
 There's madness in the midnight brawl ;
 The ribald jest, the vulgar song,
 May give a keener sting to care :
 The riot of a wreckless throng
 May lead to ruin and despair ;
 Let truth unloose thy fetter'd soul--
 There is no freedom in the bowl.

Man of toil, wouldst thou be wise ?
 The paths of moral right explore ;
 Pierce the human heart's disguise,
 And track its motives to the core ;
 Creation's boundless beauties scan,
 Observe its wonders--search its laws ;
 Look on the vast harmonious plan,
 And learn to love the Eternal Cause ;

Let truth illume thy darkened soul--
There is no wisdom in the bowl.

Man of toil, wouldst thou be blest?

Give thy purest feelings play;
Bring all that's noble to thy breast,
Let all that's worthless pass away;
Let gen'rous deeds bid sorrow cease;
Let gentlest words thy lips employ;
Scatter the seeds of love and peace,
And reap a harvest full of joy;
Let truth make glad thy harass'd soul--
There are no blessings in the bowl.

EARLY RELIGION lays the foundation of happiness both in time and eternity.

REAL JOY.—There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant word.

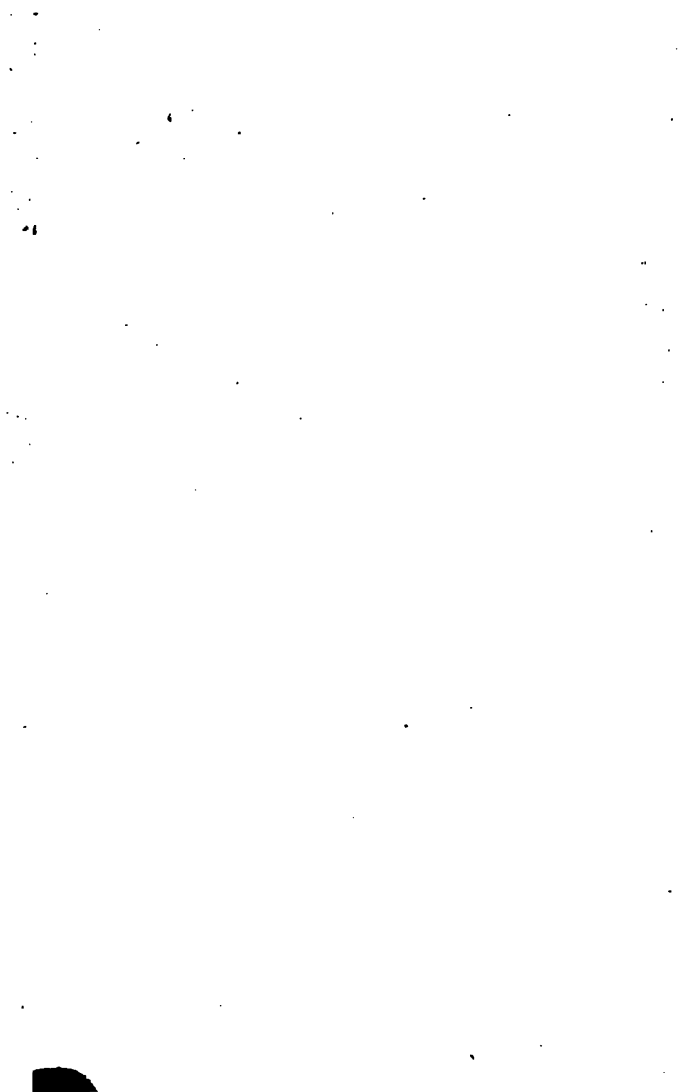
GRACEFUL MANNERS are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affection in the heart.

HONOUR the good, that they may love thee;
be civil to the bad, that they may not hurt thee.

TEMPERANCE is the source of much peace and tranquility to men, for brings their desires and aversions under the laws of reason.

DISOBEDIENCE.—Those are never likely to come to good who are undutiful to their parents.





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